

By J. A. WRIGHT, 1st Minn.

1862, the second company of Minnesota and destroy one another at the first advantageous moment.

So the days passed till June 25. In front

Sunday, June 8, was an interesting one to the boys of our regiment, as it gave them a fine opportunity to observe the French Princes on Gen. McClellan's staff at short range; also the Spanish General, Prim, and his staff, on their way home from Mexico. They had all come to call on Gens. Summer and Sedgwick, who had their licadquarters at Dr. Courtney's house, near which we lay. at Dr. Courtney's house, near which we lay, and where our Colonel, Sully, also was quartered. Col. Sully spoke both French and Spanish, and was a desirable man to have around about that time. It was understood that Gen. Prim desired to see us under arms. I am not sure if this understanding was correct, but, at least, we were paraded and they rode past us.

In the grounds where the fighting control was made June 25, and after a somewhat sharp and protracted struggle, it was fally and fairly won. Portions of the Third and Second Corps were engaged in this affair, and suffered considerable loss.

PLANS GONE WRONG.

We slept on our arms that night, expecting that a further advance would be attempted the next day. I do not know what the release control of the contro

In the grounds where the fighting oc-curred we were interested to see how the trees were marked and torn by the shells and bullets, and to observe how high many of these marks were above the head of even a tall man. We remembered this, and ever afterward tried to "fire low."

MORE TRYING WORK.

While in front of Richmond we were almost constantly employed in laborious, exhausting, dangerous service—picket duty, roads, fortifications, etc.; under an

very annoying and serious. I recall the morning of June 13 as an example. We had been at the front during the night making some new fortifications, and had erected a harricade of logs supported by traverses, preparatory to banking with earth. Soon after daylight a detail brought out some kettles of coffee, and we proceeded to eat our morning meal. The rebels were shelling us and firing unusually low, when shelling us and firing unusually low, when Augustus Ellisson, of Co. I, took his plate and coffee and sat with his back to the barricade, saying: "What's the use to build breastworks if you do not use them." He had not finished his coffee before a shot struck the log argainst which his heat rested, and, although some six feet from him, his head was crushed, causing almost instant Bestb. Gas was an antewer. instant fleath. Gus was an aute-war schoolmate at Hamiline, and had formerly been in Co. F with the writer. Hence it was bidding adieu to an old friend and fellow-student when we placed him beside his comrades in the rapidly-growing grave-yard in the rear of our lines.

yard in the rear of our lines.

Having mentioned Hamline, I will explain here that Hamline University, then located at Red Wing, Minn., was an institution of learning under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which ranked well un in these days with the ice. ranked well up in those days with the best in the State. In the Spring of '61 there was a large number of young men in attend-ance, many of them the sons of the Metholance, many of them the sons of the Metholist circuit riders of that day. These, fathers and sons, were of that stalwart patriotic blood that rose to meet the crisis of war with a promptness and earnestness not exceeded by any other class. Some 30 of these young men dropped their books and plans for the future at the first call for men, and joined Co. F of the 1st.

Gus was one of these, but had been transferred to Co. I. Others joined other companies and other regiments raised later, till the school was so depleted that it had a

panies and other regiments raised later, till the school was so depleted that it had a hard struggle for existence, and was removed after the war, to a place between St. Paul and Minneapolis. Its President, B. F. Crary; its Professor of Languages, E. E. Edwards; its Professor of Mathematics. H. B. Wilson, and Prof. J. F. Pingree, all entered the service; the first two as Chaplains and the latter as Captain and Second Lieutenant in 6th Minn., respectively. This student contingent in the 1st had suffered very seriously in the first fight—Bull Run—five being killed or mortally wounded moved after the war, to a place between St. Paul and Minneapolis. Its President, B. F. Crary; its Professor of Languages, E. E. Edwards; its Professor of Mathematics, H. B. Wilson, and Prof. J. F. Pingree, all entered the service; the first two as Chaplains and the latter as Captain and Second Lieutenant in 6th Minn., respectively. This student contingent in the 1st had suffered very seriously in the first fight—Bull Run—five being killed or mortally wounded and five others so badly wounded that they fell into the hands of the enemy, most of them never to rejoin us.

Having written this much of my home company. I will say that it was made up

company, I will say that it was made up | We could see more of this engagement, larity and promptness.

almost entirely of young men from all classes, but largely from the farmer occupation, and as a whole was fairly representative of the better ele ments of society. What was true of my company was true of the other companies of the regi-ment. Minnesota in 1861 was a frontier State, only was a frontier State, only partially and sparsely populated with settlers largely from the older States, who were just opening up their farms and starting business enterprises.

*The 1st Minn, was es-

sentially a pioneer regi-ment, composed of men gathered from all parts of the State. It was also the first regiment ever mustered by the State. When the recruits came together at Ft. Snelling they did not make an impressive military ap-pearance, but they were a "husky" looking crowd. I can recall them now at their first drilling, in the clothes they were from their homes—all shades and grades, from the silk hat and patent leather boots of the city chaps to the moccasins, leggins, coonskin cap-head and tail on-and coat made of a "Mackinaw" blanket, of the backwoods boys As a whole, they were decidedly verdant, and ignorant of all things military, but they were, all of them quite "handy with a gun," and many of them experts with the rifle. Our first uniform was a red shirt, blue trousers and black soft hat. Neither coats, vests or suspenders were allowed, so we literally went to war in our shirt

Events proved that these frontier boys were excellent material for soldiers. This is not a claim that "my regiment" was superior in material

army rations, and enjoyed them when nothing better was to be obtained, but no special "hankering" for a battle for love of it. They took their fighting much as a man takes disagreeable medicine, as a means to an end, and not because his stomach craves it. When "the good of the service required it," they took their battle medicine with the best face they could, in such doses as prescribed for them, from a sense of duty rather than a gratification of taste.

When I began writing of my company it was not my purpose to make any such lengthy digression, and the only excuse I can offer is that the reader might get a glimpse of what sort we were, both before entering the service and after we had been licked into military shape.

LONG, ANXIOUS DAYS.

The days spent in front of Richmond were long, anxious days, the nights broken by frequent alarms, and there was a continuous chiefly taken up by the enemy in our front, and there was a contact of a special "hankering" for a battle for love of it. They took their fighting much as a man takes disagreeable medicine, as a man takes disagreeable medicine, as a means to an end, and not because his with artillery and small-arms.

Late in the afternoor we—First Brigade—were withdrawn from the front and held in readiness to cross to the assistance of the enemy. To reach our position at the front, having been with a firm over our heads at an elevation called the form of the river, but after dark returned to our position at the front, having been held for a time in support of Smith's Brigades, of Richardson's Division, crossed to the south side of the 25th and the carly morning of t

The days spent in front of Richmond were long, anxious days, the nights broken by frequent alarms, and there was a continual expectation that to-morrow we would be led against the rebel capital. The two armies, like two wild beasis that had already felt each other's power in a fierce encounter and separated, were closely ments of war—i.e., shot and shell—between and separated.

The Struggles of Mighty Ferces. After the Fair Oaks battle, and on June 2. | watching each other, ready to spring upon

attached to it, and designated Co. L, but, of our lines, near the left of the Second though serving with us, they were never though serving with the regiment. fields. This timber was disputed territory, sometimes held by the pickets of one side and then of the other, and not permanently y either. From its cover many a bullet

and been fired.

It was determined to seize and hold that wood as a point more nearly menacing Richmond. The attempt was made June 25, and after a somewhat sharp and pro-

We slent on our arms that night, expecting that a further advance would be attempted the next day. I do not know what the plans were, but, as I remember now, the talk among us was that Franklin with his corps would join us in a determined effort to get close up to the rebel capital. But our campfire strategists left Jackson and of their calculations, and consequently out of their calculations, and consequently

No advance was made in the morning and it was soon evident that something had gone wrong. Many runners were current, gone wrong. Many rumors were current, but nothing of a positive nature was known till the booming of guns was heard off to the right. Then we only knew from the continued firing that some serious fighting was going on north of the Chickahominy.

A BATTLE OUT OF SIGHT.

From our position in the line we could near the noise of battle, see the flash of cursting shells and the white drifts of rising smoke, but from our limited observation could'not determine the results. Hesides, the enemy in our front was active and kept us busy. We waited with anxious sulfeius busy. We waited with anxious solici-tude to know how the battle had gone with our comrades on the other side. If beaten there we knew that our communicationsa single line of railroad—were at the mercy of the enemy and all our energies would of necessity be turned in the direction of self-

protection. - Soon after dark-the firing ceased and Soen after dark the firing ceased and a little later a succession of cheers came ringing down the rebel line. They were wild, jubilant yells, and we feared the worst. Like the boy we have all heard about, who whistled when passing a lonely graveyard in the dark, we answered with cheers and yells of defiance. This set the Johnnies to cheering again more wildly than before, and for a thin space of time there was a flerce rivalry of cheers, and longs were exercised to the utmost.

That night of June 25 was a noisy one. There was a wild din and racket on the picket-line and the regiment, being at the front, was under arms all night and got no rest or steep till near marning.

rest or steep till near morning.

With the first gray light of the 27th came violent demonstrations from the troops in ur front, followed by intermittent attacks during the day.

The right wing, under Gen. F. J. Porter,

was slowly drawn back, hotly contesting the ground as it retired, after the fighting at Beaver Dam Creek.

Shortly after moon the line rested near Gaines's Mill. We could only judge of affairs over the river by the sound and smoke, except when some one climbed a tree and reported his observations from time to time. We were filled with intense anxiety,

the two armies. There was also some sharp fighting.

One instance of this was a gallant but reckless attack on one of the unfinished redoubts a little to our right, in front of Smith's Division, by some Georgia troops. It was led by Col. Lamar, who was wounded and left a prisoner when his men were re-

AT ALLEN'S FARM.

The long day of June 28 seemed to pass very slowly, and night came at last; but it brought neither quiet, rest nor the privilege of sleeping. It was understood that the army was to "change its base" to some other locality, and that the movement was already in progress. We had packed everything and were in readiness to go anywhere at a moment's notice. The trains, of which we had about 40 miles in the Army of the Potomac, were moving all night. To prevent the enemy from hearing and divining our movement, a constant fusillade was kep up from the trenches. There was no peace that night.

It was in the early gray of the morning of

the 29th when our division vacated its works and retired toward Savage's Station. It was a close, dull morning, with a dense for that "burned off" and gave us a hot day. We withdrew slowly and cautiously, ready to face-about and fight if the occasion re-quired it. We had not accomplished two miles of the rearward march before we closed up on the wagon-trains. They had not crossed White Oak Swamp as rapidly as expected. Our impedimenta was prov-ing quite a hindrance to a rapid change ing quite a hindrance to a rapid change of base. Finding the way blocked by the trains, we were faced about in line of battle and a skirmish-line deployed and sent back toward our old works. These it was found were occupied by the enemy, who were already advancing their skirmishers.

Our skirmishers exchanged shots and retired to the line of battle, where we waited their attack. It came promotily and im-

retired to the line of battae, where we watted
their attack. It came promptly and impetuously, and we met them with such
resistance as to soon compel their withdrawal. Their furious attack was twice
repeated, and each time repulsed, after
which they withdrew out of range. This
fight is what is known as Allen's Farm, or
Peach Orchard, and the enemy gained
nothing and suffered considerable loss.
We were fighting to save the "grub train," We were fighting to save the "grub train,"

We remained in position till some time We remained in position till some time ofter noon, when, the road being clear, we retired rapidly to Savage's Station. Here was a large collection of hespital tents tilled with sick and wounded, among whom the Surgeons and attendants were busy. There was also a large accumulation of rations and other supplies. Some of these were destroyed in a novel manner. There was a train cognishing of an engine, tender was a train, consisting of an engine, tende and several cars, londed chiefly with ammunition. Steam was up, fire was applied to the cars, and the train sent flying down the track towards the bridge across the Chickaheminy. It shot down the grade cuveloped in flures, and being rapidly shattered to pieces by the bursting shells as it disappeared around the curve. Soor a terrific explosion was heard; a dense cone shaped cloud of steam and smoke ros above the trees, and gradually expanding floated away a trembling mass of white

Those semi-omnipresent, sanguinary fellows, the special artists on the spot, gave the illustrated papers of that day exagger ated sketches of a flery train sweeping with fearful havee through a column of the enemy, who were crossing the bridge, from which the rails had been removed, and then

planging into the river.

I saw the flying train, heard the thunderous explosion, and beheld the rising cloud, but am of the opinion that the wholesale destruction of Johnnies was a fancy of the

A SUSPICIOUS ADVANCE.

It was near 5 p. m. when the enemy made his presence known again and began manuvering for another fight. We were massed in the open ground about the station, but promptly made dispositions to ac-commodate him. The men first observed ad-vancing approached so quietly and care-lessly that they were thought to be some of Heintzelman's men, who were supposed to



was superior in material or development to the average regiment of volunteers. It was not "IT WAS a RED-HOT FIGHT IN SHORT METER."

"IT WAS a RED-HOT FIGHT IN SHORT METER."

"IT WAS a RED-HOT FIGHT IN SHORT METER."

When Buras's men reached the woods desperate character; but our attention was it was seen they could not cover the ground army rations, and enjoyed them when chiefly taken up by the enemy in our front, and were in danger of being flanked.

The 1st Minn. was ordered to advance

Test for Yourself the Wonderful Curative Properties of Swamp-Root.

To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy Swamp-Root Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of the "National Tribune" May Have a Sample Bottle Free.

Reporters Have Convincing Interviews With Prominent People in Greater New York Regarding Wonderful Cures,



65TH POLICE PRECINCY. GREATER NEW YORK, NOV. 11, 1899.

DR. KILMER & Co., Binghamton, N. Y

In justice to you, I feel it is my duty to send you an acknowledgment of the receipt of the sample bottle of Swamp-Root you so kindly sent me. I had been out of health for the past five years during the night. Causes puffy or dark with kidney and bladder trouble. Had our best physicians prescribe for me. They would relieve me circles under the eyes, rheumatism, gravel, for the time being, but the old complaint would in a short time return again. I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp Root, and I found it did me a world of good. Since then I have taken eight small the back, joints and muscles, makes your head ache and back ache, causes indibottles bought at my drug store and I consider myself perfectly cured. It seemed as though my back gestion, stomach and liver trouble, you would break in two after stooping. I do not have to get up during the night to urinate, as I formerly get a sallow, yellow complexion; makes did, three or four times a night, but now sleep the sleep of peace. My back is all right again and in you feel as though you had heart trouble; every way I am a new man. Two of my brother officers are still using Swamp-Root. They, like myself, can not say too much in praise of it. It is a boon to mankind. We recommend it to all humanity who are suffering from kidney and bladder diseases.

My brother officers (whose signatures accompany this letter), as well as myself, thank you for the blessing you have brought to the human race in the compounding of Swamp-Root.

We remain, Yours very truly,

JAMES

Officers of the 65th Police Precinct, Greater New York.

JAMES COOK, HUGH E. BOYLE, JOHN J. BODKIN. His Physician Prescribed Swamp-Root,

New York, Nov. 17, 1899.

THEODORUS VAN WYCK, former Editor of the Mt. Vernon News, and now one of the most prosperous real estate brokers in New York, 128 South Eleventh Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

I was all run down in health and spirits, from overwork on the Exchange floor. I developed nervous neuralgia and also suffered from an acute attacks of rheumatism and kidney trouble, probably contracted by exposure on hunting expeditions and wading trout streams. I tried many remedies, the patent and other kind, but none of them seemed to do me any good. I was persuaded by an old and valued friend to try Swamp-Root, and frankly confess that it has benefited me as no other medicine has. I now feel like myself again. I do not have the constant nehes and positive benefit in ailments of this kind. I always keep it in the house, as it is just as necessary as bread and butter.

I was all run down in health and spirits, from overwork on the Exchange floor. I developed nervous neuralgia and also suffered from an acute attack of rheumatism.

Of course, I had careful medical attendance, but while convalencing my own physician himself ordered me to take Swamp-Root to build up my nervous system, and put my kidneys in shape. It helped me more than any curative or tonic I ever used, and now I always keep it in my medicine chest. With best wishes for sufferers,

Theodows Wantly of Dictated, R. Co-operation moratine

How to Find Out if You Need Swamp-Root

... used to be considered that only urinay and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important

The kidneys filter and purify the bloodthat is their work.

So when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, and if permitted to continue fatal results are sure to follow. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day, and obliges you to get up many times the back, joints and muscles, makes your you may have plenty of ambition, but no

kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If, on examination, it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by skillful physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles at the drug stores every-

EDITORIAL NOTE-The great kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all our readers who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. A so a book telling all about kidney and bladder troubles and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention reading this generous offer in "NATIONAL TRIBUNE" when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Our skirmishers came quickly out of the woods. The brush completely hid the memy from view, but as the bullets came sense. with vicious, spiteful force, it was sufficient evidence that they were in easy range; so, in the poetical language of Capt. Davis, we leveled our rifles into the woods and we reveied our rines into the woods and "blazed away." The enemy came on, yelling and firing, and we answered with shot and cheer to the best of our ability. It was a redhot fight in short meter. The regi-ment on our immediate right began to yield slowly to the furious onset, and finally backed down the slope into the hollow. They were in the open, and the fire was terrific, and I never could find it in my heart to blame them. The sharp, penetrating voice of Lieut.-Col. Miller rang out, saying: "Minnesota: stand firm! Don't run. Minnesota!" It was more of an entreaty than a command, but it answered. We had lots of State pride, and I certainly believe the "Minnesota" was the marie very lieve that "Minnesota" was the magic word that encouraged us to stand and face that terrible storm of bullets and shell that swept

our line.
Once or twice a cheer, that sounded faint and far-off in the confusion of the fighting was heard behind us, but in a hasty glance in that direction, nothing could be seen through the smoke and gathering darkness, save the lurid flash of our batteries, and the way will through shells over our which were still throwing shells over our heads and over the heads of the rebels too. The rebels came into the open on our right and enveloped us front and flank with a deadly fire. It was already too late to retreat, and we were in a fair way to be annihilated

HELP AT HAND. But, hark! That cheering was heard once more; close behind us, too—a good, open-mouthed, ringing hurrah. No music ever sounded sweeter or more melodious than that welcome, defiant cheering to our

battle-stunned ears. "We are with you, Minnesota!"
The ever-reliable 15th Mass. came on; crowding to the front and extending to the right, they emptied their rifles in the face of our enemies, who were punishing us so severely.

The enemy, who had passed us on the right, now turned back and their whole line

retreated into the woods as rapidly as they had come out.

There, on the smoking field, with the wild refrain of the battle still ringing in their ears, the boys from Minnesota and Massa-chusetts, mingling together, united in a good old Union hurrah. There had always been pleasant comradeship between the two regiments; henceforth two were

the brigade on account of the sickness of Gen. W. A. Gorman.

As we came up to the woods some one indulged in a yell just to clear his throat, I presume. There were answering yells from the woods, and we gave a vigorous cheer as our skirmishers began to work their way into the woods, a tangled undergrowth of laurel and swamp huckleberry. The skirmishers had not penetrated a hundred yards into the wood before they came in contact with the enemy.

The rapid firing and vociferous yelling notified us of the close proximity of the enemy.

As we came up to the woods some one into the woods, a throat, I that was reported in the regiment afterward that as the regiment advanced to its position it was seen that the enemy was still beyond our left, and advancing over ground which it was supposed Heintzelman's men held; that then Lieut. Col. Miller, who was not up in military forms and words, galloped back to Gen. Burns and called to him in a high treble: "Gen. Burns, they are flanking us! They are doing it now, General!" Then riding back he promptly put the regiment afterward that as the regiment advanced to its position; that the enemy was still beyond our left, and advancing over ground which it was supposed Heintzelman's men held; that then Lieut. Col. Miller, who was not up in military forms and called to him in a high treble: "Gen. Burns, they are flanking us! They are doing it now, General!" Then riding back he promptly put the regiment afterward that as the regiment advanced to its position; that the enemy was still beyond our left, and advancing over from the woods, a tangled undergrowth of laurel and summy serious distribution it was supposed Heintzelman's men held; that then Lieut. Col. Miller, who was not up in military forms and called to him in a high treble: "Gen. Burns, they are flanking us! They are doing it now, General!" Then riding back he promptly put the regiment advanced to its position.

(To be continued)

PICKET SHOTS From Alert Comrades Along the Whole

Line.

TAKING FORT MCALLISTER.

J. W. Gee, 111th Ill., Jefferson, Okla., wishes to correct Comrade Join D. Martin, 25th Ind., who wrote in the issue of Feb. 1, 1990, "Campaigning with the Western Army." Relative to what troops took Fort McAllister, Martin said: "Our division (the First) formed on Little Ogeochee, the Third and Foart Division forming in front of us. On Dec. 13, 1864, the Foarth Division of us. On Dec. 13, 1864, the Foarth Division of the Courth Div

Third and Fourt Division forming in front of us. On Dec. 13, 1864, the Fourth Division charged and took the fort."

"To set him right," says Gee, "I will say Hazen's Division, the Second, stormed and took that fort. I will just refer him to Sherman's words in Headley's History, Vol. 2, page 529: 'On the 12th day of December, 1864, Sherman sent for Gen. Huzen and told him what he wanted him to do. In half an hour that gallant officer was off with his division, and by night reached King's Bridge, 10 miles from the fort; the next morning kept on until within a mile next morning kept on until within a mile of it, when he halted; selecting nine regi-ments to make the assault,' etc. The writer's regiment was one of the nine selectto set Comrade Martin right. I don't see why there are so many who make mistakes in writing up what they saw and did."

Ira Keplinger, 12th Ind., Claypool, ind., says he observed that Comrade J. D. Martin stated that on Dec. 13, 1864, the Fourth Division, Seventeenth Corps, took Fort McAllister. If the comrade will turn to Vol. II., page 196, Sherman's Memoirs, he will see wherein he is mistaken; that McAllister was on the Ogeechee River, not the Savannah, and that it was taken by the Second Division, Fifteenth Corps, Gen. Hazen commanding the division, sus-Hazen commanding the division, sus-taining a loss of 92 killed and wounded, and capturing the entire garrison except

FLOGGING AND BRANDING. FLOGGING AND BRANDING.

J. H. Springer, First Lieutenant, Co. I,
1st Iowa Cav., Shickley, Neb., referring to
the statements as to the last flogging in
the army, agrees with that which sets
forth that it was under Custer. The order
for it was Special No. 2, dated at Alexandria,
June 24, 1865, and the punishment was
inflicted upon several members of the 12th
Ill Cay, and upon some of the 7th Lad.

the killed.

Frank N Bailey, 13 Whitehall Street.

Amesbury, Mass., relative to the statements about branding that took place in the army, says that, regarding the episode at Fort there was a very wide road that way." Independence in the Summer of 1864, the men mentioned were branded and sent to Dry Tortugas for three years, with ball-and

LOSSES AT SHILOH. men mentioned were branded and sent to Dry Tortugas for three years, with ball-and chain accompaniment.

STAYING THE TIDE OF BATTLE.

James M. Thorp, Shadynook, Ky., who belonged to Co. I, 20th Ky., says that the 38th Ind. was not the first regiment of Buell's men to cross the river to relieve Grant on April 6, 1862, at Pittsburg Landing. Ammen's Brigade, of Nelson's Division, he says, was the first on the ground that evening, and the brigade was composed of the 1st, 2d, and 20th Ky., the last



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the Strength. The difference hetween our prices and theirs is
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cologne spirits; made by Gennine Old Seniasty process. Can
you healtate which to use?

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mentioned leading. "The gunboats com-menced firing while we were on the boat, crossing, not on the morning of the 7th, as Comrade P. E. Johnson has it, and they threw shell about every five minutes all night. We took position to the left front of where Nelson's Division crossed. As we were on the right of the division, and the brigades kept forming to the left, ed to make the assault. I don't wish to stir up any controversy, but simply wish to set Comrade Martin right. I don't see why there are so many who make mistakes

at Shiloh at all Grant would have been victorious, and he has his doubts about the 36th Ind. saving the army.

T. S. Daman, Co. A, 26th Ky., Walnut Tree, Ark., says only the combined force to Grant's and Buell's army saved the day at Shiloh. His regiment left Nashville March 18, marched three days, camped a week at Spring Hill, marched to Savannah, Tenn., reaching there at dark April 6. The steamer Tecumseh carried them to the landing by midnight, and they stood in mud and rain until daylight. In the next day's fighting the regiment lost its next day's fighting the regiment lost its Major, J. L. Davison, and Lieut. Higdon, and in killed, wounded and missing 78 men. A part of Nelson's Division stayed the tide of battle on Sunday evening.

"NO THOROUGHFARE."

"NO THOROUGHFARE."

Charles W. Cook, Co. G, 76th N. Y., Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "The 76th N. Y. was detailed as wagon-guard on June 29, 1863, and marched 30 miles to Emmitsburg. The crossing of fields was made necessary by the blockading of the road by ambulances, ammunition trains, etc., all going in the direction of Gettysburg. An old farmer living about 100 rods from the road, up a private lane, stood, a perfect picture of wonder and despair, because he could not persuade the men that 'Dare ish It was now quite dark, and the enemy left us in undisturbed possession of the field. We gathered our dead together, carried our wounded to the field hospital, and, as there was no transportation, Surgeons and attendants were left to care for them. Of course, they fell finto the hands of the enemy. This was one of the cruel fortunes of war.

The loss of the regiment was, I believe, about 50 men killed and wounded. Co. F, the right company, lost two Corporals killed—Ferris Johnson and Martin Wilman—and 15 men wounded One of the wound
The loss of the regiment was, I believe, about 50 men killed and wounded. Co. F, the fight company, lost two Corporals killed—Ferris Johnson and Martin Wilman—and 15 men wounded One of the wound
The lost of the punishment was under Custer. The order for it was Special No. 2, dated at Alexandria, was detailed as wagon-guard on June 29, 1863, and marched 20 miles to Emmitslife it was Special No. 2, dated at Alexandria, was detailed as wagon-guard on June 29, 1863, and marched 20 miles to Emmitslife it was Special No. 2, dated at Alexandria, was detailed as wagon-guard on June 29, 1863, and marched 20 miles to Emmitslife it was Special No. 2, dated at Alexandria, was detailed as wagon-guard on June 29, 1863, and marched 20 miles to Emmitslife it was Special No. 2, dated at Alexandria, was detailed as wagon-guard on June 29, 1863, and marched 20 miles to Emmitslife it was Special No. 2, dated at Alexandria, was detailed as wagon-guard on June 29, 1863, and marched 20 miles to Emmitslife it was Special No. 2, dated at Alexandria, was detailed as wagon-guard on June 29, 1863, and marched 20 miles to Emmitslife it was Special No. 2, dated at Alexandria, was detailed as wagon-guard on June 29, 1863, and marched 20 miles to Emmitslife it was Indicated upon several members of the 12th Ind.
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